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WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A rich man, who had no children, proposed to his post neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and prom-ised, if they would consent, to give them property enough to make themselves and their six children comfortable

Choice Loetry.

Which shall it be! Which shall it be! I look ed at John—John looked at me, And when I found that I must speak. My voice seemed strangely low and weak. "Tell me again what Robert said;" And then I listening bent my head.

"This is his letter:—

A house and land where you shall live.
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne,
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little childrens' need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them, as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand.
Dear John and I surveyed our band:
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper ma de her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed, And one long ray of lamp-light shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so beautiful and fair. I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek, A tear undried. Ero John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face, Still is his sleep bore suffering's trace. "Ne, for a thousand crowns not him," He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son— Turbulent, restless, idle one— Could be be spared! Nay, He who gave, Bid us befriend him to the grave; Only a mother's heart could be Patient enough for such as he; "And so," said John, "I would not dare To take him from her besiside prayer."

"Perhaps for her twonin better ne,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curi that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more—our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad, So like his father. "No, John, no; I can not, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteons way, We could not give one child away: And afterdward toil lighter seemed. Thinking of that of which we dreamed

Select Story.

DODGING FOR LIFE.

John King was sent in haste on an errand to this nucle's, a mile distant. His way led along a well-trodden path across a belt of woods. It was in Western Pennsylvania, in the dark years of Indian wats; but the savages had not been seen in that vicinity for some time, so that mo danger was feared for the lad on such a short trip. Indeed, he had passed over the same road almost every day since his father moved into the Presque Isle country, two years before, and had never met anything stranger than a wild turkey or a deer.

bad never met anything stranger than a wild turkey or a deer.

John was a brave, athletic boy of fourteen, quite noted in the village for his punctuality, and as sure to return on time as an express. As he left the door, he noticed that it was 1 o'clock, and said in a jolly tone to his parents:

"Now for a race with the shadow; I shall be back before it reaches the two mark."

Some years ago, the pionests of the borders measured the flight of time by a sort of sun dial on the cabin floor. A spot was selected where, in clear days, the sun shone full through the narrow window, and when some officer having a watch was present, the line of shadow made at noon by the perpendicular window casing was drawn along the floor. Then the hours and half hours were spaced off on cither side the noon mark, for the forenoon and afternoon.

This kind of clock answered very well when the skies were clear, but in cloudy weather, a set-

When the shadow had crept across the two mark, the mother noted it, and said to herself, "For once John is outdone." When half-past two was reached, she went to the door, and looked for him; when the three mark was passed, she felt very anxions about him, and called to her husband, who was in a field near by. But their confidence in the young fellow's ability to take care of himself was such that they waited, though uneasily, until after four, when waited, though uneasily, until after four, when the father slung his gun across his shoulder, and started up the path by which the absentee was

expected.

Mr. King was a fine specimen of a border man, tall, strong, steady-nerved, brave, and intelligent. He was an experienced hunter, and a successful Indian fighter.

But now, leaving him, as with a cat-like step and watchful eye he treads the beit of woods, let us go with John, and discover the cause of

s unusual delay. He had done his errand, his aunt had stuffed

his nunsual delay.

He had done his errand, his aunt had stuffed his pockets with parched corn, and on his return he had reached a certain bend in the path, where he sat down on a mossy bank, to tighten the strings of his coarse shoes. Just as the matter was finished, a noise caused him to look sharply among the trees, when he espied within a few rods, running toward him with uplifted tomshawk, and exceedingly large Indian. A glance was enough to start the lad to his feet, and prompt him to his best speed for safety. But the warrior's position was such as to cut him off from the path to his own home, or to his uncle's; so that no way was left him but to strike into the nutrod forest, and run for life. He had gone but a little distance, when he leard the steps of his pursuer rapidly overtaking him, and he knew that he could not escape by flight. And to aggravate his case, he saw, at this instant, just before him, a large tree upturned by the roots, and lying directly across his course.

his course.

His fate seemed scaled; every instant he expected to feel the edge of the battle-axe; and such a horror had he of the knife, and of having

boy knew, however, that it was only a trick, and kept his eyes and ears alert against sur-

prise.
Immediately he detected the snakish eyes of the savage gleaming at him from among the dry leaves on the ground, at the corner of the root, on the opposite side of the fence, where the old rascal had crept, in order to watch the young-

After lying in this position for two or three minutes, only his head in sight, and that cover-ed with leaves, he made another dash around the root. But John was too quick for him, and

the root. But John was too quick for him, and slipped safely between the logs once more.

Failing again, the wicked red-skin resorted to another ruse. He began to parley, saying, "Me good Injun—me no hurt. Shake haud!" And he thrust his hand through the barricade. Of course, he did not succeed in cheating the little fellow by such a shallow device, and so again changed his tactics.

Presenting his gnn, he commanded John to surrender, or he shat; but the had preferred to be shot by a bullet rather than a tomahawk, and so stood his ground. Strangely enough, the Indian did not shoot; but after looking across the sights of his gan, and making fearful faces, he placed the weapon behind a tree, some rods away, and resorted to the dodge of parleying once more.

"Injun hungry-good boy go home get Injun But John did not think it best to start for ome, on such an invitation.

The next effort was to kill the lad by throw-

The next effort was to kill the lad by throwing his tomahawk at him between the tree; but he miscalculated the space, and struck the weapon against a log, breaking out the handle, which, falling at John's feet, was immediately picked up by him, as a means of defense.

One of the savage's devices, by which, perhaps, he meant to frighten his victim, was to place his hideous face at the opening between the logs, and howl and guash at him like a wolf.

But the boy's courage had rallied, and he began to pelt his enemy with stones and lumps of earth, obtained from the upturned soil, giving him many a stinging hit. This so maddenest him many a stinging hit. This so maddened the Indian, that he drew his scalping knife, and gave chase for a long time, perhaps thinking to gave chase for a long time, perhaps thinking to tire the youngster out by constant dodging. But in this plan he was mistaken, for a resolute, hard-working frontier boy has a vast fund of endurance. Once the gleaming knife, thrust between the logs after him, came near doing its bloody work; but John's grit was aroused, and he struck the brutal hand a heavy blow with the tomahawk handle.

the tomahawk handle. many turns and tides, tricks and dodges, of that fearful struggle can never be rela ted. There are some scenes too tragical for words; besides, the particulars are covered under the drifts of forgetfulness ever heaping above the

drifts of forgetfulness ever heaping above the past.

Of coarse, during all that terrible afternoon, John's thoughts and eyes were constantly turning in the direction of his home. He knew that his father would seek him before night, and as the hours were on, he began to look with great anxiety for his coming. He had the common faith of all children in parents, and felt that they would not leave him to perish.

At length he caught a distant glimpse of a form coming up the path. Oh, how his heart bounded!

With renewed force, he began again to hurl at his foe, everything he could seize, raising such a commotion as to attract his father's notice, who, comprehending the whole scene at a glance, stole up within gan-shot of the massipecting red man.

The sequel is soon told. The crack of the settler's rifle signalled the Indian's fate.

The warrior's weapons and trinkets were taken as trophies; the gun, having a bullet but no powder in its chamber, could not be fired, thus explaining why he had not shot the lad when he threatened to do so.

ren of our hero, who are justly proud of such an exploit. In those early times, American boys were trained in a school that developed a ragged and noble manhood.

Some Candid Words.

Nearly all the New York papers are gushing over the late John Morrissey, as a man who "kept his hands clean, and never took a bribe." As those hands were principally used during his life in disfiguring the countenances of his fellow-creatures, and manipulating all the appliances of the blackleg, it would be interesting to have the journals in question treat the world to their definition of moral cleanliness. The logical argumant of these culogists would run something like this: Morrissey, who was a professional braiser and notorious gambler, an open scorner of all the Christian virtues, was as sturdily honest as he was sturdily wicked. Argal: prize fighters and blacklegs should be elected to public position.—
Trenton (N. J.) Gazette.

We copy the above, for the purpose of saying that the spirit of it is just. It is a discreditable thing, and a dangerous symptom, to see such a man as Morrissey held up as a hero. Without desiring to use invective or vituperation against

man as Morrissey held up as a hero. Without desiring to use invective or vitnperation against any man, we may add that Mr. Morrissey's reputation is public property; that his influence is far more potent this week than it was the week before he died; and that, for the sake of the rising generation, newspapers should regard him as a warning to be shunned, not as an example to be imitated. That he had some common private virtues is undeniable, everybody has some; but his public life was almost wholly had. There is no evidence that he ever regretted having followed prize-fighting as a profession; but it is alleged that he was kind to his wife. Everybody knows that he lived ail his life on other people's money, wrenched from tich and poor by all a gambler's devices; but it is offered to offset this by the fact that he wept when his son died. He

money, wrenched from tich and poor by all a gambler's devices; but it is offered to offset this by the fact that he wept when his son died. He had Tweed's public morals: "Spend money and stand by your friends." And papers think it worth while to praise him, and a Senate did not disdain to eulogize him, because he set up as a "reformer," for the purpose of overthrowing his most conspicuous political enemy.

The maxim, "Speak no evil of the dead," is the device of the foolish and the superstitious. It the dead have spent a life in osteutationsly doing evil to the community, they have no right to be buried with honors. The Egyptian institution known as "The Trial of the Dead' was severe, but there was a sort of rude justice in stopping the feneral on the shores of the lake, and putting the corpse on trial before a judge and jury, before permitting Charon to ferry it across to the peaceful slope beyond. How would Morrissey fare if the wives and children of the wretched slaves of gambling whom he has impoverished were drawn up as witnesses! No; Mr. Morrissey has plundered everybody whom he could entice into his gilded dens, and he should be classed with malefactors, with burglars and forgers, and all who have lived on other people's money. It is not pleasant to use bard words, but the truth is better than any blandishments.—X. Y. Graphie.

pected to feel the edge of the battle-axe; and such a horror had he of the knife, and of having his scalp stretched on a hoop to dry, that he involuntarily put up his hands to save his head, a fact about which, in after years, he used to laugh heartily. The tree, toward which desperation impelled the boy's feet, had grown in three parts, and as it foll, the largest was uppermost, some six or seven feet high, and the other two directly underneath, like the rail of a fence; while the great flake of earth adhering to its roots made a cross section of wall two feet thick, a rod long, and ten or twelve feet high. What a trap!

But as he came close to it, he saw that the three prongs, as they lay one under another, were far enough apart for him to slip between, which he instantly did, just in time to dodge a furious but fruitless blow from the tomahawk.

The Indian, perceiving that the place was too small to admit his huge body, swiftly sprang around the root, thinking to catch his victim on the further side. But the keen-cycl laid was too wary for him. Detecting the red-skin's partonally laid in the street of the further side. But the keen-cycl laid was too wary for him. Detecting the red-skin's partonally laid in the street of the further side. But the keen-cycl laid was too wary for him. Detecting the red-skin's partonal through where John had just gone, but found only room for his ngly head.

After a little, he torsed about, and saying in broken tenglish, 'Good bye, me go 'way," walked alowly round the root, and disappeared. The

Miscellany.

A MOURNFUL INCIDENT.

The Trials and Troubles of Temperance Cru-

The temperance crusade in Georgetown, Michigan, which was carried on by the earnest women of the village last winter, was a great success. When the crusade began, there were tive "saloons," at which various immoral beverages, from the mild lager-beer to fiery benzine whis-key were sold, but before Spring, only one of the "saloon-keepers" insulted female public sen-timent, by continuing to prosecute his business. Of the others, three had sold out their entire stock to the crusaders, at a profit of nearly 200 ler openly repented for \$750 cash, and became a temperance lecturer at \$50 a night, which, together with his income from a gambling house, made him very comfortable. In fact, he was accustomed to say that, as between selling liquor for a profit of \$800 a year, and practicing as a reformer at \$11,000 a year, no intelligent man opening as a reformed gambler that would make his fortune at one blow.

The one obdurate liquor-dealer was, without

doubt, one of the most exasperating ruffians on record. Night after night did the devoted wo-men of Georgetown enter his "saloon" and hold men of Georgetown enter his "saloon" and hold a prayer-meeting of great size and strength, but he never once openly insulted them, so as to enable the male crusaders to smash his bottles about his ears. On the contrary, he provided a parlor organ, and six dozen hymn books, and joined in the singing with great ardor. When he was personally exhorted to give up his nefarious business, he always expressed a great desire to reform, but fixed his price at \$3,000, which was considered to be altogether too high. It was useless to labor with such a hardened reprobate, and after six months of unremitting effort, the earnest women shook his saw-dust from their feet, and abandoned the a ttempt to reform him. When he was told that no more prayer-meetings would be held in his "saloon," he expressed sincere regret, and offered to reprayer-meetings would be neid in his "saloon, he expressed sincere regret, and off-red to reform for only \$2,500, but even this offer was rejected, and then, for the first time, he lost his temper, and remarked that people who refused to save an immortal soul and put an end to drunkenness, at the price of \$2,500, were insincere, and should no longer pollute his premises with their hypocritical prayers. In spite of this one failure, the crusaders had accomplished so much that, on the 23d of November last, the anniversary of the formation of the "Earnest Women's Anti-Run, Beer and Tobacco League," they determined to celebrate the occasion by a public procession and a cold water festival in the Baptist meeting honse. The procession was to march in front of the obdurate liquor-seller's "saloon," with any quantity of banners—the Earnest Women singing temperance hymns, thus dispensing with the services of a beer-drinking German brass band. When the "saloon" keeper heard of the intended celebration, he smiled grimly, and announced, that if the procession did not halt in front of his "saloon," he should feel personally slighted.

Now, the sidewalk in front of that wicked man's "saloon" was wide, and was paved with a peculiar mixture of tar and gravel. It was slightly out of repair, and the liquor seller remarked that he should show his respect for the temperance cause, by having it put in complete repair. He, however, postponed the work from day to day, until it was generally thought that he had abandoned his design; but on the very night before the procession, a gang of men, with lanterns and tar barrels, appeared on the scene, and before daylight, the sidewalk was finished. In the morning, two sentinels were stationed to warn pedestrians not to step on the newly-laid pavenient, which, however, the liquor dealer asserted, would be perfectly hard before the hour fixed for the procession, instead of passing his door, halted before it, and standing perfectly still, ceased singing, and remarked with great unanimity, "good

ly stuck in the adhesive compound. To lift their feet was an impossibility, and two ladies who rashly sat down with a view of removing their boots, and thus make their escape, found it impossible to rise again. The wicked "saloon" keeper at first prefended not to notice the misfortone which had befallen the procession, and assuming that the ladies had paused for refreshments, loudly begged the ladies "to name the poison, and he would be delighted to supply them." Of course, he was soon compelled to recognize the true cause of the stoppage of the procession, and he then professed to be so overwhelmed with sorrow that he felt unable to gaze upon the scene, and so put up his shutters

KNIGHTS OF LABOR. A Stronger Organization Arises on the Ruin-oftheold Railroad Unions—Its Objects, Oath, Signs, Grips, Pass-words—Half a Million Members

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1878.

SOME TIME.

Some time, tired heart of mine,
You shall have a long, long rest;
And the quiet evening sun,
Sloping outward to the west,
Creeping in the casement wide,
Shall look on a quiet breast.
Though the birds shall coo and call,
As the deeper shadows fall,
You may rest.

Some time, patient eyes of mine, You may take a long, long sleep: Though the early morning sun All along the wall shall creep. Wazen eyelids will not lift From the watching which they keep: Though a sunbeam, overbold. Seek to part your curtains' fold. You may sleep.

Some time, striving bands of mine,
There will be a long, long peace;
Lousened from the tasks you hold,
Into new and sweet release,
Other hands must place you close
Into a dumb amen for grace;
Even love's touch, soft and warm,
Dure not break such prayerful form
Of your peace.

Some time, restless feet of mine.

There will come a long, long day.
When you need not cross the sill,
From the flushing till the gray;
Other steps must bear you forth
To the place where clay is, clay.
Though I let you out at fight,
They will bring you home when night
Ends our day.

per cent, and had removed to the next town, where they opened larger and more attractive "saloons;" while the fourth reformed rum-selreformer at \$11,000 a year, no intelligent man could hesitate to choose the latter, and that he hoped, in the course of a few months, to find an

and retired by the back door into an adjoining street.

The Earnest Women were ultimately pried out with fence rails, after hot crow-bars had been used to soften the tenacious tar, and they were then taken home in carriages, and scraped by their devoted husbands. The affair, ho-sever, cast a gloom over the reformers, and seriously injured the cause. The wicked liquor-dealer had a sudden increase of castom, and it is understood that two new saloons are to be opened before Christmas. This melaneholy event may well fill us with sorrow, while it conveys the solemn lesson that reformers should take heed to their footsteps, lest haply they fall into the snares of the wicked.—N. Y. Times.

UNWEDDED.

Oh, thou beloved, who should'st have been mine own. Serenely beautiful, and wise and strong; Consoler whom my life has never known. How have I missed thee, seeking thee alone. All my life long?

The new secret league, called the Kuights of Labor, whose formation was first reported in the World, three weeks ago, has completed its organization, and is in working order throughout the country. It is an oath-bound brotherhood, with signs and pass-words that are bonds of fraternity among some 500,000 members. Their by-laws set forth that "the purpose of the association is the elevation of labor by means of electing members of Congress and State Legislature." Acknowledging no party fealty, they support any nominee who is pledged to their objects. But certain facts go to show that the association is also an ally of the Socialist organizations, whose doings have recently attracted considerable attention in the West; that it is the parent organization of many of the minor labor lengues, and zation of many of the minor labor lengues, and that it is, above all, the chief instigator, direct-or and supporter of labor

STRIKES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

The Knights of Labor grew out of the recent virtual disbandment of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The latter body suffered many severe pecuniary and other reverses last year by reason of the unsuccessful strikes on the Boston & Maine Railroad, and by the action of the Philadelphia & Reading road in ordering all their employees to resign from the brotherhood under penalty of discharge. The protracted strikes last summer also proved a hard strain on the exchequer of the Brotherhood, and it was accordingly deemed advisable to establish a new accordingly deemed advisable to establish a new organization. This was begun in Pennsylvania, the nucleus being the Journeymen Tailors' Union, the nucleus being the Journeymen Tanois, whose scheme was generally adopted, slightly revised. The originators were mainly Pennsylvanians, men of all trades, (only lawyers, physicians, and ministers being excluded). W. D.

vanians, men of all trades, (only lawyers, physicians, and moinisters being excluded). W. D. Brashier, W. H. Stevens, and Uriah O. Stevens, of Philadelphia, and George Blair, of New York, are on the roll, with a large number of the Pennsylvania Molly Magnires, several hundred Grangers, and a large proportion of the members of the old Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Trainmen's League, and the Journeymen Tailors' Protective Union.

The membership in Pennsylvania is estimated at from 40,000 to 90,000. The State Secretary of Pennsylvania is Fred. Turner, of Philadelphia, whose office is at 711 Dudley street. In New York the membership is estimated at 50,000, the leaders being George Blair and Ralph Beaumont, of New York city, and Mr. Moffatt, of Corning. The State headquarters is at Elmira, and the headquarters in this city is said to be at the office of George Blair, 318 Broadway. In Ohio the headquarters in this city is said to be at the office of George Blair, 318 Broadway. In Ohio the kuights are strong, claiming to haye a large rep-resentation in every town of the State. They say that all the city officers of Youngstown, O., including the mayor and the members of the lo-cal militia regiment, belong to the order. Branch-es, or "assemblies," as they are called, have been established in Newark, N. J., Chicago, New Or-leans, St. Lonis, San Francisco, Louisville, Mem-phis, Detroit, Milwankee, Cleaveland, and other important cities. Each assembly or branch is important cities. Each assembly or branch is affirmed by a master workman, a master foreman, a venerable sage, (dispenser of signs, grips, and passwords,) an unknown knight, an outer esquire, an inner esquire, a financial secretary, a recording secretary, a statistician, an almoner, a treasurer, and a worthy inspector. The national master workman is Uriah O. Stephens, of Philadelphia, who directed

Every man joining the order is required to subscribe to the following oath:

I do solemnly awear, the Lord God helping me, to do and abide by the laws and constitution of this assembly, and that I will never, by word, act or implication, reveal anything done within the assembly or by any member of the order;

That I will never disclose the name of any one who is a member of this noble and holy order;

That I will never reveal anything heard, seen or done by any member of this order either in or disclose the dmerican Union has far more than thirty thousand members, very many more, and just what that number is, you will excase me from telling, as it is our business. It is also not correct that the person you named was appainted to prepare an address to the American people."

"What other object did the meeting have, be sides the election of officers f"

"It had several, one of which was to issue an official address to the American people, prepared

or done by any member of this order either in or out of the assembly; That I will sustain and defend the order in all

That I will sustain and defend the order in all its dignity;
That I will contribute all I can, in case of peril, to sustain any branch of this order in demanding our rights from the oppressor;
That I will assist any member, employer, or employed, should be be in need, to the best of my ability, and
I do solemnly swear never to reveal or even give to a member of this order, without permission of the master workman, any sign, password or grip disclosed to me.

Should I, in any way, violate the solemn obligation I have just taken, I will accept the consequences due me for willful perjury with whatever judgment this assembly shall pass upon me. So help me God. This oath is administered to every member upon a Bible, and it is given out that the pun-

NOTHING LESS THAN DEATH

The order changes its password, signs, and grips every three months, to secure safety. At present these are as follows:

The recognition sign is given by putting the thumb of the left hand under the foreinger of the same hand over the lapel of the coat, and rubbing downward three times. The answer is given by the same motion with the right hand. In hand-shaking, the thumb of the right hand is held close to the fingers and advanced until it touches the thumb of the offered hand, when palms are clasped in the usual way.

The danger signal is given by stroking the chiu softly with the foreinger of the right hand twice, and the member receiving the signal acknowledges it by gently brushing back his hair with the left hand.

On entering the outer door of a meeting room

with the left hand.

On entering the outer door of a meeting room the member says "Ana," whereupon he is admitted, and by pronouncing the word "Equality," he is permitted to pass into the inner room.

These words and signals are imparted to each member separately, and members are forbidden to speak of them even to each other. The national master workman changes them as often as he thinks necessary, and communicates the new formulas by special messengers to the master workmen of the various local assemblies. This is done in order to avoid the danger of circulating printed documents, which are almost eating printed documents, which are almost en-

It is claimed that the Knights of Labor include nearly all the members of the Socialistiche Ar-bester Partei, or Socialistic Workingmen's Party. better Partet, or Socialistic Workingmen's Party. The objects of that association were given at the time on the authority of Alexander Jonas, the editor of the Volkszeilung and Arbeiter Stimme, its organ in this city, and of Justus Schwab, of Tompkins Square notoriety, who is a member of both organizations. The leaders of the Socialistiche Arbeiter Partei were: Louis Huck, Frank Cousal, the head of the Bohemian section; F. Leih, Dr. Wallater, of St. Louis, who field from Saxony to escape imprisonment for revolution-Leih, Dr. Wallater, of St. Louis, who fled from Saxony to escape imprisonment for revolutionary acts; Paul Grottkan, who was sentenced to imprisonment in Berlin for being concerned in the Socialist movement there; Gustav Lyser, of Chicago, who was imprisoned in Berlin for too same cause, and Henry Eode, a socialist in Frankfort, a communist in Paris, and now the editor of a socialist organ in Ohio. These men are in sympathy and several of them are in active cooperation with the Kuights of Labor, and their aims may be taken as not opposite to the objects of the Knights of Labor, which are kept no secret. According to Jonas and Schwab these aims are:

had a suiden increase of custom, and it is understood that two new saloous are to be opened before Christmas. This melancholy event may well fill us with sorrow, while it conveys the solemn lesson that reformers should take heed to their footsteps, lest haply they fall into the snares of the wicked.—N. Y. Times.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU READ.—A man died in New York the other day while reading an evening newspaper. This brings us to the contemplation of the assertion made by the Vesperian prees that the fresh news is always to be found in the post-meridian newspapers. After all the ingeunity of man, an evening newspaper can only be made a sort of bulletin. If anything important occurs these afternoon journals are only able to warn the public, and give notice that full particulars will be contained in the morning newspapers.—Washington Past.

Somewhere upon the wide and misty track, I strayed behind, or did not wait for thee;

And so must always mourn my bitter lack, For on this weary road we go not back.

Ab, wee is me

Often, with sorely burdened heart and mind,
Where there were none to aid or understand.
How have I groped, with tears, alone and blind,
In the thick darkness, longing but to find
Thy helpful hand! For I believed that Love is doubly armed Against all woes, and with unshaken breath, Could pass through pain and soffering unalarme. Could take up poisonous things, and not be harn And dare even

I said, "be hindered of its best estate
By sny petry chance of space or time!"
Alus! my life has lost its freshest prime,
And still I wait.

How beautiful our mingled lives had been, Had we but found ourselves when in our youth? The world had grown, despite its stain and sin, Sweeter because we two had lived therein Our utter truth.

Then this unending toil and ceaseless toss Had never marred my life; the hindering load off worldly circumstance, of gain or loss, Had seemed to us but cobwebs stretched across Our upward roa Where art thou, love! For as the farthest pole. Hast thou, too, vaguely dreamed of what should be! Or, mated early with some facilier soul, Hast struggled with the bonds in grief and dole, Longing for me!

I had been more than all the world to thee— So proudly tender, so entirely true, So wise and tircless in my ministry. More dear than any other sonl could be, All my life through.

Alas! the sun's last glimmurer now has kissed The highest mountain-tops to gold; and now The crimson west has changed to amethyst, And all the vale is dim with chilly mist; flut where art thou

Too late! too late! the darkness gathereth, And the night falleth, pittless and dumb; I cannot reach thee with this hopeless breath, But when I waik the other side of death, Wilt thou not come?

THE AMERICAN UNION.

In Interview with the President of the Order —Its Aims and Purposes "to Oppose the Po-litical Power of the Church of Mome." WASHINGTON, May, 5, 1878.

A reporter of the Herald called, to-day, on Mr. Edwin Cowles, President of the Secret Order of the American Union, to interview him concernthe American Union, to interview him concerning the fraternity.

Mr. Cowles took occasion first to deny the statement recently published in the Herald, that the annual election of officers took place without proper notification to all the members of the national body. "The meeting," he said, "was held for the purpose of electing the officers, and this was done in strict accordance with the constitution of the organization, and they were all elected unanimously."

STRENGTH OF THE ORDER.

THE STRIKES LAST SUMMER.

Every man joining the order is required to obscribe to the following eath:

He continued: "Your estimate of the number of voters enrolled in the Order was also wrong.

The order of the American Union has far more than thirty thousand members, very many more,

people."
"What other object did the meeting have, be sides the election of officers f"
"It had several, one of which was to issue an official address to the American people, prepared by the President, and another was to hear reports from all subordinate branches throughout the Proper."

"What is the real object of your society?"

"To oppose, by all lawful and honest means, the political power of the Church of Rome, and its encroachments on the rights of non-Catholics. That is its sole purpose. It has been charged that the object of our organization is to make war upon the religious doctrines of that Church. This is not true, for we war on no man's creed. Others say that it is to elect General Grant to a third term. Although a majority of the members are ardent frends of the great ex-President, that assertion is entirely erroneous. It probably grew out of the fact that General Grant had, at one time or another, indured all the principles of the Order. Still another charge is made, that the Order was organized for the exclusive purpose of controlling city, State and national appointments, and dividing them among its members. This is entirely untrue. It supports those candidates for elective offices who are in sympathy with its principles, whether they are THE REAL ORIECTS OF THE SOCIETY. candidates for elective offices who are in sym-pathy with its principles, whether they are members or not. The great object of the O. A. U. is to awaken the American people to the dan-ger that menaces the future of our country by the extraordinary increase of the Roman Cath-olic element in our midst."

A RELIGIOUS BUGABOO.

"Upon what basis do you calculate the incease of the Catholic element?"
"In 1790 the number of Roman Catholics in this country was about 30,000. To day they number 7,500,000 out of a population of 45,000,000, an increase of 250 fold. The number of non-Catholics in 1790 was 3,900,000. To day they number 37,500,000 an increase of less than ten-Catholics in 1730 was 3,300,000. To-day they number 37,500,000, an increase of less than tenfold. With a ratio of increase of one-half what it was previous to 1860, in thirty-two years from now they will number one third of our population; in forty years, two-fifths, and in fifty-two years (1830) from now they will out-number the non-Caholies."

How to GUARD AGAINST THE DANGER.

"You speak of danger existing in the future, from the numerical superiority of the Catholics. How would you guard against that danger?"

"We propose to create public sentiment in favor of protecting our children against the future domination of the Church, by adding an amendment to our national constitution forbidding appropriations out of any public funds for the benefit of any institution under sectarian control, forbidding special legislation for the benefit of any religious sect, forbidding the exemption of any property from taxation except public property, requiring all ecelesiastical property to be held by boards of trustees, and requiring all new voters to be able to read and write before exercising the elective franchise."

A NOBLE ARRAY. HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THE DANGER.

A NOBLE ARRAY. "What class of people belong to your order."

"All classes, consisting of ex-Governors, exSenators, Congressmen, clergymen, newspaper
men, and so on."

"Can you give the number and the names of
Congressmen who have joined your organization!"

"I will have to decline."

"I will have to decline."

"Do you exclude foreigners from your order?"

"We know no nationality in our membership.
We have representatives from France, Germany,
Ireland, England, Scotland, and other nations.
Our members consist of Protestants, Hebrews,
free-thinkers, all banded together to oppose the
encroachments of a common enemy."

"How do you propose to accomplish your purpose!"

pose!"
"We shall adopt the most efficient means, according to the best of our judgment. What we shall do, I shall have to decline to tell."—New York Herald.

PAT RILEY, who was reported dead, and had his estate administered on twenty years ago, has just turned up, alive and well, at Momphis. The dralancke says: "Whether Mr. Riley has any right to thus come back to life is certainly a grave question shrouded in darkness."

NASEY.

Mr. Nashy Attempts to Sell a Confession, after the Manuer of McLin-How He Succeeded where Others Pailed.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,
May 14, 1878.

Ef I ever sed a good or plesant word for Samyooel J. Tilden, I hereby take it back. Ef I ever assertid that he waz a statesman, distinguisht for his probity and high-mindidnis, I wish it distinkly understood that I recant. Ef I ever sed,

for his probity and high-mindidnis, I wish it distinkly understood that I recant. Ef I ever sed,
in speeches or elswher, that he had any bowels,
any feelins, any nv the milk nv hooman kindnis
into him, I wish to say, in the most public manner that I wuz most crooelly deseeved, for he
ain't no sich man.

When I heerd that M'Lin got \$7,000 for his confeshn, I wuz seezed with a seveer attack nv hostility to the yooserper Haze, myself. I felt that
I cood make confeshns ez fast ez M'Lin cood,
and that my oppertoonities hed bin quite ekal
to hizn, in fact, before. For I waz actilly down
in Looisianer jist afore the elecshen, assistin in
organizin rifle clubs, whose biznis it waz to kill
sich niggers ez refoosed to vote for Tilden, and
consekently I knowd all about the frads wich
hed bin committed in that State.

Akkordinly, I rote out a confesh nv frods and
sich, jist lik M'Lin's, in wich I confest to hevin
manipulated presinx for Haze, and hide me to
Gramersy Square with it, ez sertin nv comin
back with five or ten thousand dollars, ez ever I
hed bin uv bein Postmaster at the Corners.

But wat happened to me! I found, when I got

But wat happened to me? I found, when I got up in that naberhood, more than a thousand men, in a string that reeched around Irvin Place, and down ez far ez 17th Street, all ny em in uniform. down ez far ez 17th Street, all uv em in uniform, wich consistid nv a coat worn till it wuz shiny, buttoned up very close to the chin, ez ef it wuz jellus uv the shirt collar, and wuz bound to extinguish it, and pantaloous very baggy at the nees, and sumwat frayed about the bottom, and a role av paper under the left arm, on wich wuz the legend, "Confeshn." It may be ez well to state here, that the noses uv em showed unyou-shal drouth in the rejins they respectively cum

shal drouth in the rejins they respectively cum from.

It was a imposin spektikle! The men in perseshn entered by the rite, and went out by the left. Ther was no help for it. I took my place in the perseshn, and pashently watid my turn. It was nearly nite before it cum, and sum hundreds hed desertid. Them ex hed bin in before us cam up to the slowly movin perseshn, and warned us agin goin any furder.

"Why," sed one uv em to me, "Tilden hez a committy ther to eggsamine our papers, and ther ain't a sole wich bez got a cent, so fur. Ther's too many in the biznis. Ther hez bin a streem ex big ex this, ever sence McLin startid in. At first the committy lissened to em, and they got a squar meel while ther case was bein considered, but, Lord bless yoo, now they don't ex much ex offer yoo a drink."

Some hundreds dropped out uv the ranks, ex they heerd this, but I coolly smiled and persevered. I knowd my strenth.

Finelly I got in to the presense uv the committy.

"Let us see ver confeshn," sed the cheerman, a

mitty.
"Let us see yer confeshn," sed the cheerman, a very prompt man uv biznis. "Wat offis did the Yooserper Haze refiosse yoo!" "Nary a offis!" sed I, drawin myself proudly

up.
"Well, then, how big is your defalcashen, and "Well, then, how big is yoor detaicashed, and how soon do yoo expect to be arrestid!"

By this time, I bed handid em my confeshn. It was a mild confeshn. I confest to killin perhaps a hundred Dimecrats, and alterin the returns uv perhaps forty precinx in Looisianer.
"We can't yoose this!" sed the cheerman
"Good mornin!"

ry," I remarkt. "It may be that yoo reely don't like that confeshn, and I more than haf spectid yoo woodn't; But I hev another, wich perhaps yoo will look at."

yoo will look at."

I whipt out from under my ceat a confeshu uv wat I aktilly did do in Looisianer, and hed takin the precaushen to hev it all sined and swore to, in doo legle form.

The Cheerman uv the Committy looked at it, and turned first pale and then red. Then a change come over him. His seveer face relaxed into a plesant smile, and he extended his hand corrielly.

into a plesant smile, and he extended his hand corjelly.

"We know yoo, Mr. Nasby. John, ask Mr. Nasby ef he will take suthin."

"It okkurred to me that yoo wood be glad to see me!" wuz my reply. "And now to biznis."

We wuz a comfortable party. The Cheerman discoarsed ez flooidly to me ez tho it wuz before the elecshen, instid uv after.

"Investigashen, my deer sir," sed he, layin his hand affeckshenately on my sholder, "is all very well, ef the investigashens is confined within proper limits. To make em plesant, they must be, lowever, all on one side. We are willin enuff to investigate Haze, but seriously, we woodu't keer to hev Haze investigate us. John, another glass uv that choice old Bourbon for the gentleman. Now, my deer sit, wat do yoo perpose to

keer to bev Haze investigate us. John, another glass uv that choice old Bourbon for the gentleman. Now, my deer sir, wat do yoo perpose to do with that dockyment?"

"I will be strate forrerd," wuz my reply, "for ther ain't any dubble deelin about me. I come here to sell a confeshn. I am in the confeshn biznis. I hev one, wich I offer yoo. Yoo don't want it. Perhaps yoo don't think it troo. All rite—I may hev douts nv it, myself. Then I show yoo another, wich I know to be troo. All uv it I saw, and part uv it I wnz. Yoo may buy and pay for No. 1—yoo needn't yoose it, onless yoo want to—or I shel take No. 2, wich is troo, to Washinton, and see ef I can't dispose uv it to the Republikin Congreshnel Committy, wich I understand wants dockementary evidences ez to the transactions in some uv the parishes in Looisianer. I don't wish to coerse—I am a gilelis son uv nacher, but that's wat's goin to happen."

This line uv stars represents the vale nv secresy wich I drawd over wat happened after the conversashen resited abuv. I shel never tell wat I reseeved, or wat wuz sed or dun. Only that nite I mooved from my umble apartments over Barney O'Mulligan's sloon, in the Sixth Ward, to gorjus apartments in the Sturtevaut House, wich numbers among its gests no better drest man than I am. I hev sich a intense air uv respectibility that I am addrest by the waiters ez "Jedge." Also, I shel not walk back to the Corners, but ride in pallis cars, gorjus, and Baseom will be astonisht by seein me pay cash for my likker, for some time to cum. The confeshn biznis, when properly handled, is not a bad thing. I shel probly adopt it ex a perfeshn.

PETROLEUM V. NASHY, In Funds, and Proud.

A Practical Test.

A Practical Test.

A New York physician is bothering Henry Bergh, the well known friend of animals. Mr. Bergh's enthusiasm in his specialty induced him to assert, recently, that there was no such disease as hydrophobia, and that the slaughter of dogs growing out of the fear of this disease was inhuman. The physician referred to, published a card, stating that the truth of Mr. Bergh's assertions could easily be tested in a practical way. He proposed to inoculate Mr. Bergh with the saliva of a rabid dog. If Mr. Bergh's theory was correct, he would suffer no barm, would confound the whole medical profession, and save thousands of the canine race, now ruthlessly slaughtered every summer, because of the almost universal belief in hydrophobia. This physician says: "Upon Mr. Bergh's own showing, he won't take the disease, because there is no such disease." And he proposes to donate to Mr. Bergh's "Society for the Prevention of Graelty to Auimals," the sum of \$1,000, if Mr. Bergh will consent to the experiment. But Mr. Bergh will consent to the experiment. But Mr. Bergh will consent. He holds off. Not even the promise of \$1,000 for his Society will tempt him to be the medium of demonstrating that the whole medical profession has been in error, and that there is no such disease as hydrophobia."

In a quarter of Rome known as "Pescheria," during the excavations made on the 13th of April, there was discovered the duly inscribed base upon which stood the famous statue of Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus, and mother of the Graechi.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,089. THE LITTLE BOOT.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot.
With mended toe and flattened her
Ever worn by a little foot.
Within the children's room
The widowed mother stands,
But smiling down with misty eyes.
On a little boot in her hands.

Carefully laid away.

With a mother's yearning care,
Are toys with which the children
The clothes they used to wear.
With loving, longing heart.
Her gase is backward cast,
As she softly lifts the little boot,
From the stillness of the past.

She sees a little boy
Thrust out his chabby foot,
And hears his happy laugh and shout,
At sight of his first boot.
And, trudging down the road,
Sinbbing grass, and leaves and roots,
She sees again, the solid form
Of the little man in boots.
A comparery of that day.
He made the soft air ring:
Amid the sheeless lads at school,
The boy in boots was king.

O, the stillness of the room
Where the children used to play
O, the silence of the empty house,
Since the children went away!
And this the mether life—

And this the mother life—
"To bear, and love, and love,"
Till all the sweet, sad tale is told.
In a pair of little shoes;
In a single broken toy.
A flower pressed, to keep.
All fragrant still the faded life.
Of one who fell asleep. The boy who were the boot!

While his mother's eyes are dim, Amid the world's unequal strife, How farth it with him!

Are the feet of manhood strong. For manhood's sacred rare;
His hand ontstretched, securely calm. To clasp its unmost grace!

With love her heart o'erflows, With love her beart o'erflows, With love her cyes are dim;
She sofily wraps the little bost.
And sends it far to him.

Reside his twilight fire.

The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the far-off boy
Talks through it to the man.
The hard world's vexing road
The boy's boot never pressed:
The boy knew not of manhood pain,
Nor felt its need of rest.
The man sees all things changed—
The earth; the heaven above:
One thing alone remains the same
To him—his mother's love.
The hattered little boot
He takes as from her hand,
And seems all sweetest, purest things
Better to understand.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever warn by a little foot?
Yet the boot is a band to bind
The man to the innocent past:
To hold his faithful heart of bearts
To hold his faithful heart of the bearts
To life's first love—and its last. A QUAINT AND CURIOUS PEOPLE.

Peculiar Observance of Easter by the Penn-BETHLEHEM, P.A., April 21.—Out on the Lehigh River, within easy reach of New York by the New Jersey Central, and under the shadow of the hills which shut in this charming valley, hes Bethlehem, the oldest of the Moravian settlements in this country. It is carrious that so quaint and odd a town as this is, one which presents so much that is interesting and antiquated, and which is at the same time so readily accessible from New York, should be so little known and visited. The history of the United Brethren, from the very founding of the sect, has been a most romantic one, fall of instances "Excoose me for not bein in so much uv a hur-Brethren, from the very founding of the sect, has been a most romantic one, full of instances of bitter persecution and heroic martyrdoms, of patient endurance and purest missionary zeal, of lives marked by the simplest Christian virtues, as by the noblest and purest ambitions. The halo of all this must of necessity eling to the sect, and those who visit this, the earliest field of their missionary labors, must come somewhat under the influence of it; but besides this, there is much in the ritual of the church which is wonderfully poetic and impressive, and, so far as I know, wholly unlike the esremonies of any other religious body in the country. It is perhaps because they have preserved many of the customs and traditions of their fatherland in their entirety that there is such singular attractiveness about them. And their Easter services are among the most striking which they have, and the most impressive in their simplicity and tender poetry. of hitter persecution and heroic martyrde

have, and the most impressive in their simplicity and tender poetry.

Going to Bethlehem, and staying at one of the quiet little hotels there, one is aroused early on Easter morning by the sound of music. This year it was at 2 o'clock that we heard the trombones of the choir playing, up in the belfry of the church, an old chorale, to awake the sleeping world, and, in accordance with an old German custom, to proclaim that "Christ is risen." Heard from a distance, through the stillness of the night, there was something wonderfully beautiful and touching in this first announcement of our Lord's resurrection. Again at 3 o'clock, and then at 4, the playing of the trombones was repeated, and at a quarter to 5, nouncement of our Lord's resurrection. Again at 3 o'clock, and then at 4, the playing of the trombones was repeated, and at a quarter to 5, the first service took place in the church. And there is another custom which, among some of the older members at least, is still preserved, that of saying to each one whom they meet on Easter morning on their way to church, "Christ is risen," and they who are greeted thus, reply, "Christ is risen, indeed." The church itself was crowded, people coming from all the neighboring country to this service, and by 2 or 3 o'clock they could be heard driving into town. The pulpit was prettily decorated with flowers and greens, but that was all. The early service in the church was in Eoglish, and lasted rather over half an hour; there were prayers, reading of the Bible, and hymns sung to noble old German chorales, all full of the, bright and jubilant Easter spirit. But with the close of the service in the church came the most impressive part of the ceremonies of the day. The sun had not yet risen, but the daylight was fast breaking, when headed by the trombones, the whole congregation formed in procession and walked out to the "God's Acre—"the buriat ground—there among the graves of those that they had loved and lost, to hold a service of rejoicing, and to testify to their firm confidence in the resurrection of the dead. A more lovely scene I have hardly ever seen—the pure, fresh morning air, the birds twittering and singing among the trees, the grass all studded with blooming violets, the distant hills and trees touched with the growing sunlight—these, with the flood of Easter thoughts and memories which rushed in on one, lent a heanty and impressiveness te the service which it is hard to-convey any idea of. The service itself was short, with, as before, some prayers, some Bible leasons, and much singing, but grand in its pure simplicity; and when it was over the congregation dispersed, many of them going about decorating the graves of their friends with flowers and vines.—N. Y. Tri

A novel and interesting entertainment is soon to be given in this city by the Scottish Nillson, Miss Jeanie Watson, and company. This lady and troope have been giving musical entertainments at the East, and in a number of Canadian cities, and everywhere they have been greeted withithe largest and most appreciative audiences. Miss Watson has been secured by the ladies of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church to give a concert, including many songs of "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood; land of the mountain and the slood." This lady will be assisted by several prominent vocalists, and the concert will take place about May 10, in Hershey Hall. The sweet ballad singer comes with the most heartily indorsed credentials, and no doubt many Scotchmen and others will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the songs Bobbie Barns said be would rather write than make laws for the United Kingdom.—N. F. Paper.